Trust

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26329414.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Thor (Movies), Marvel Cinematic Universe, The Avengers (Marvel Movies)
Relationships:	(Forced, En Dwi Gast | Grandmaster/Loki, Brotherly, Loki & Thor (Marvel)
Characters:	Thor (Marvel), Loki (Marvel)
Additional Tags:	Thor (Marvel) is a Good Bro, Loki (Marvel) Needs a Hug, Loki Gets a Hug (Marvel), Self Confidence Issues, Self-Harm, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Self-Hatred, Self-Blame, Rape Aftermath, Psychological Trauma, Trauma, Angst, Hurt/Comfort, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Blood, Cutting, Personal Experiences, not for grandmaster fans, Anxiety, Depression, Sibling Bonding, Sibling Rivalry, Sexual Slavery, Fluff and Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-06 Words: 2,522 Chapters: 1/1

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by karinakamichi

Summary

On the time in the ship, Loki has been acting strange, ever since the time in Sakaar even. Thor has noticed it, and decides to confront Loki on it. Meanwhile, Thor also happens to find out another secret his Brother has been hiding that greatly concerns him.

Will contain elements of PTSD, Rape Aftermath and Self-harm/Cutting, Self-blame, etc, so be warned.

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...

"Brother, we need to talk."

Loki had heard that line before, so many times. It wasn't a phrase he was particularly fond of, but he had become rather used to it by now.

"I thought we already agreed that talking things out wasn't exactly our forte. What could possibly be so important that you felt the need to disturb my sleep?"

"I would apologize, but you're not actually resting, are you? Take down the illusion." Thor said.

Loki had also heard that last line too, once or twice. Always so perceptive at the most inconvenient of times - that pesky brother of his.

"Who said it was an illusion?" He gave a smirk, trying to ease himself out of this situation. But Thor wasn't an idiot, he could tell something was wrong.

" *Now, Loki.* " Thor said sternly, and Loki immediately knew he'd lost.

"Alright. Fine." Loki gave in, the image of him peacefully lying down in a recliner fading. Afterwards, he had no choice to reveal himself, but not before pulling down his sleeves and hiding the dagger he'd been holding. He was standing in the middle of his room of the ship, and stood to face Thor, holding his arm. "Can I help you?"

Thor seemed suspicious, but also concerned as he approached him. "What's wrong? Are you not feeling well, Brother? You look pale."

Loki swallowed, stepping back as he tried to hide his arm from Thor and move around him to hopefully escape the room with ease and go to a bathroom on the ship, and clean this up. "I am *fine* , Thor. Now if that is all you came here to talk about, I shall take my-"

"Hold on, what's the matter with your arm? Did you injure yourself? There is blood on your sleeve." Thor said, causing Loki to tense. But Loki quickly forced himself to regain his composure, not wanting to appear suspicious.

"An accident." He said weakly. "'tis really nothing to worry yourself over, I assure you."

Thor, however, was still very concerned, clearly. "Are you sure? If you wish, we could have a healer take a look at it."

"No, that will not be necessary, I told you I am fine." Loki tried to walk off again, but his blood went cold when Thor's hand grabbed his wrist.

"Please, you must allow me take a look at it, I am sure I can help-" Thor started to pull up his sleeve, but failed to get a good look at the injury when Loki snatched his hand away and pulled back.

"Do not touch me!" Loki snapped, but not out of ill intent. Thor could see it in his eyes. He was afraid of something, and it greatly worried Thor. He'd never once seen his brother this terrified before.

"Loki..., I am not going to hurt you." He said, his voice softening. "But you must trust me… Will you please tell me what happened...?"

"I already told you, did I not? It was but a simple *accident* , is *all* . I'm bored. Are we done?" Loki was clearly hiding something and Thor wasn't about to drop the subject, not like this.

"You must take me for a fool. An accident does not involve this much blood." Thor stood his ground.

"Oh, but it *can* . If you'd like, I could gift you with some examples." Loki looked at him, smirking.

"Tell me, what is it you are hiding...?" Thor asked.

"I believe I told you over and over again that it is nothing, did I not *?* " Loki shrugged. "Can't you just drop it already?"

But, no, it was never that easy with Thor.

"Fine, then I shall ask another question." Thor said simply, blocking his way out the door. "Your behavior… It has me quite concerned. At first I thought nothing of it, I thought it was only me, but then I kept noticing the way you acted around the Grandmaster, the way he looked at you,… Even the way you resist physical contact... Loki, did he… did he do something to you?"

Loki's entire body froze. He turned around, spitting in the most venomous voice Thor had ever heard from him, as he pointed an accusative finger at him. " *You… know nothing* ***...*** *!* ***Nothing*** *!"*

Tears brimmed in Loki's eyes, confirming Thor's suspicions.

Thor felt sick. "…I am truly sorry… I did not mean to upset you. I was just..."

"Worried?" Loki scoffed with a small smirk, before turning away irritably. "Well *don't* be..."

"It's not like I wasn't *asking* for it. I mean, I *was* the one that was too weak stop him." Loki shrugged, as he headed back to his recliner. If he genuinely didn't want to be near Thor right now, he would have teleported away, but he didn't.. "And if my being in his sexual favor spared me the fate of death, who was *I* to complain? You see? In the end, I have nobody to blame but myself..."

Thor felt his heart break at hearing Loki say such words. To hear him blame himself for such a thing. "You are wrong, Loki. *None* of this is your fault… You must not blame yourself for something you couldn't control."

"...Oh, how I *envy* you*, Brother*. I could only *wish that* I was blessed with innate gifts such as yours…" Loki murmured. "You are, by *all means*, nothing short of a true fighter... Unlike me, you actually *stand* a chance in directly facing your opponents... Meanwhile, *I* on the other hand, am often *forced* to rely on tricks and magic to get through battles! Do you have any idea what it was *like* being his personal *pet*? Being *shocked* into *submission?! Do you?!*"

Loki didn't even know why was taking his frustration out on Thor like this. Everything he'd been holding back ever since the first day he arrived in Sakaar just came crashing down. He could feel his entire being shaking, as gut wrenching shame overwhelmed him.

"...Loki… Why did you not tell me sooner…?" Thor asked, his voice cracking, as he reached up, but pulled his hand back feeling as though slightest touch would break his brother.

"Because it was *humiliating*…" Loki said, looking at his brother desperately. "That *monster forced* me to do a *lot of things* I am not in the *slightest* proud of, to fulfil each and every single one of his dirtiest desires without question… I tried to resist him... I *tried*, Thor. But it got me absolutely nowhere, and I just got *tired* of fighting back… And now… Every time somebody even brushes contact with me, all I can see is him on top of me again... pushing me down…"

"Brother, you do not have to talk about it anymore if you do not wish to, but you must breathe…" Thor coaxed him, when he noticed Loki starting to struggling to catch his breath and panicking. Loki soon(barely) managed to calm himself.

"If you must know, I merely avoided the subject for this long because I do not wish to even *think* of it, least of all *speak* of it." Loki hissed, clutching his pants leg. Thor slowly, gently, placed a hand on his. Surprisingly, he didn't pull away.

"I understand... I should not have asked you to talk about it until you were ready…" Thor choked out, feeling tears well up in his eyes. "I only wish I had been there to stop it."

"Thor, no. No." Loki felt his own chest tighten when he gazed up. "I know that look. You will *not* start blaming yourself for what I ultimately brought upon myself."

"But you are my baby brother, and yet I did nothing to protect you from something that was going on right in front of me…" Thor's voice kept cracking, as he reached up to wipe the tears from Loki's own face. Loki swallowed, flinching at the physical contact, but didn't pull away this time. Thor finally broke down at seeing him so fragile. "I am so sorry… *God* , I was such a *fool* … Can I hug you?"

"Well… It's not like I can stop you." Loki gave a small smile, surprising himself as he reached out and let Thor embrace him. For once, the physical contact wasn't something that terrified him.

"I am so sorry." Thor squeaked out again amongst tears.

"Oh, will you stop apologizing already? I already said it was not your fault, didn't I?" Loki said.

"Aye, but it still troubles me greatly… To know that I did absolutely nothing for you when you were suffering so..." Thor said miserably. "This I swear to you, Brother.. I will hunt back down the Grandmaster myself and make him pay for the transgressions he committed upon you… He shall *not* be forgiven." Thor growled out amidst his tears.

"To be fair, I can't say I really helped you back there either, so perhaps I deserved it." Loki said in a low voice, as Thor rubbed the back of his neck. "I *have* been an awful brother to you..."

"No, do not say such things. I will not allow you to take blame for what *he* did to you. You were *afraid* ." Thor reasoned. "And besides, you helped me save Asgard. I am nothing less than grateful to you for that."

"Did I really, though? As I recall, I destroyed it."

"Yes, but I was the one who suggested it, and our people are safe now, are they not?" Thor pointed out.

"I suppose they are, aren't they…?" Loki thought it over, scratching at his bloodied arm.

"…I will understand if you still say no, but will you please allow me to take a look at your injuries…? I assure you I mean no harm..." Thor plead, bringing up the same subject that Loki had dropped earlier and dreaded.

"You aren't going to like it." Loki warned him.

"Perhaps. Even still, I must see it, Brother..." Thor said. "May I?"

When Loki made no verbal confirmation to stop him, Thor softly separated Loki's hand from his sleeve and began to work up the fabric. Loki looked away when Thor's breath hitched.

"Loki ... " Thor let out a choked out sob. Numerous cuts and angry slashes littered his skin, while blood had stained Thor's fingers from touching his arm. He already knew what they were from.

"I *did* tell you you wouldn't like it, did I not?" Loki said, in a low voice, feeling ashamed.

"Aye. You did. But that does not make this any easier…" Thor pointed out, before leaning foreword and placing his head against Loki's shoulder. "Why would you do such a thing to yourself...?"

"I don't even know… I feel as though it distracts me..., from the memories..." Loki tried his best to explain it. "Surely, you must think me *childish* for committing such an act..."

"No. I would never… I cannot fault you for trying to deal with such a traumatic experience in the only way you knew how." Thor said. "But listen to me... You must know that this *cannot* be a permanent solution to your problem... If in the future ever you have desire to cause harm to yourself again, please swear to me you will come talk to me first."

"You know as well as I do that I am *not* one to keep my promises, Thor..." Loki said, making his stance clear.

"Then at *least* tell me you will *try* . I am serious, Loki. I cannot *bare* to lose you to such madness..." Thor pled, making Loki feel guiltier than ever.

"Alright. Fine. I'll *try."* The God of Mischief gave in , reaching up and patting Thor on the head. "Will you stop crying now, you *oaf* …? I *am* still here, after all."

"Right. Sorry." Thor wiped the tears from his eyes. "Thank you… For being honest with me about what happened. I am more grateful that you were able to trust me..."

"Well… It's nice of you that you were willing to listen, Brother. It truly means a lot… Before this, I could only fear that you would blame me for what happened..." Loki avoided his gaze.

"No, never. I could *never* blame you..." Thor insisted vehemently.

"Well, you're not to blame either... for what happened to me. You do know that, right…?"

Loki never received an answer. And he himself too still felt to blame despite Thor's reassurance that it wasn't his fault, he had no idea if he could keep his word to his brother, in fact he was fairly certain he wouldn't.

This was no doubt this was something that would take time, but at the moment, Loki had Thor and vice versa and that was better than nothing. For the first time in forever, Loki at least felt a little bit more at ease than he had expected to.

…

A/N: All that came crashing down in Infinity war, but, hey, we can pretend it didn't, right? No, but seriously, as a rape victim myself, The Grandmaster gave me very uncomfortable vibes around Loki. Like not only the way he gave him the eye and Loki looked away uncomfortably (even Thor noticed it), or how Loki said he gained his favor without giving an explanation. And The Grandmaster has a lot of correlation with things that have "Orgie" in the name, which is just a red flag all over imo that he's very much into sexual things. Loki definitely seemed scared of him at times, was uncharacteristically loyal to him with no explanation. I mean that just doesn't seem in Loki's character to undyingly serve a guy he'd only met like two weeks before, unless there was more to it and he was afraid of something. The Grandmaster certainly thought of Loki as special enough to not give him a chair unlike Thor, which points at the fact that Grandmaster found a different use for Loki than he did Thor. Rather than fighting, Loki would have proved his uses in other ways. And Loki isn't the type that would just open up and immediately say "Hey, brother, I'm being forced into sexual favors against my will, and this is my only means of staying alive, so it's not like I really have a choice in the matter". No, I feel like he would have to be directly confronted on the matter with some evidence, not go to somebody about such a thing. Loki's actions in Ragnarok were often vastly confusing and contradictory at times, and I think this could have provided some reasons why, but again, this is just my interpretation, so don't hate me. Anyway, I hope y'all like the story. ;w;

I may one day write a sequel, but I doubt it, unless I get enough people saying there should be one, but I think it's fine as a standalone?

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